Smells like… Victory(?)

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Smells like… Victory(?)

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

While wrestling with your general, you find out a couple things about yourself. Things that Feixiao will gladly indulge you in

Notes

Amtakuammm

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

More feixiao on the way but I got hellaaaaaaa fucking comms I'm going to die

The first sound in the training room was the sharp smack of your palm against her side, a blow that should have at least staggered any normal opponent.

Against your general however, it was like trying to drive your hand into a brick wall. A very tall, very muscly, very sweaty brick wall.

"Is that a love tap, Foxy?" she boomed, her laugh echoing off the padded walls. "I'd feel more scared if you were holding a pillow!"

You ducked under a return swing that wasn't quite lazy, but certainly wasn't her full, terrifying speed. The wind of it alone ruffled your hair and large fox ears, showing just how easily it could have knocked your head off.

"Hold still!" you snapped, skipping back from a stomp that threatened to crack the mat. "And stop calling me that!"

"But you're a fox!" she grinned, planting her massive hands on her hips. Her ponytail was plastered to her neck and back, and her shirt was soaked through, clinging to every defined ridge of her stomach and curve of her chest. Those windows on the sides of her top weren't helping; they just seemed to ventilate the sheer, staggering heat she was putting out.

You were panting, sweat stinging your eyes and dripping from your own chin. The room was heated, always, but sparring with Feixiao was like standing next to a forge. Her Borisin half ran hot, especially when she was exerting herself.

And gods, the smell.

Your senses were a curse. You could hear the hum of the lights overhead, the distant clatter of arms in the main armory... and right now, you could smell her.

It was overwhelming, a heavy, cloying musk that cut through any other smell in the training room—salty, hot. It wasn't bad—that was the infuriating part—it was just... a lot. It filled your lungs, coated your tongue in a light film you couldn't get rid of.

"I'm trying to practice the new holds," you grumbled, wiping your forehead with a slick forearm. "I can't do that if you're running around like you're scared!"

"Scared?" Feixiao gasped, placing a hand over her heart in mock offense. "I am not scared, thank you very much! You're speaking to the Merlin's Claw y'know? The one and only!" She struck a heroic pose, all seven-and-a-half-feet of her, grinning down at you with those sharp canine fangs of her own. "And you, my friend, are slow!"

She moved.

It wasn't a blur—she was toying with you—but one second she was ten feet away, and the next her shadow fell over you completely. You barely had time to brace, bringing your arms up in a cross-block as her hand—not a fist, just her open hand—came forward to shove your shoulder.

The impact sent you stumbling back three steps. It was like being hit by a freight car.

"Come on!" she laughed, beckoning with her long, scarred fingers. "You've got the speed, I've got... well, this." She gestured to her entire, impressive frame.

"Show me how that little body can outsmart this big one!"

The "little body" comment made you bristle. "Fine," you growled.

You dove down and feinted left, watching her eyes track you, and then darted right, low to the ground. You were fast, faster than almost any other soldier in the Yaoqing. You pivoted on your heel, aiming to get behind her, to take her back, maybe try for a chokehold—

A massive arm shot out and simply... wrapped around your entire waist. You were lifted clean off your feet.

"A-ha!" she roared, hoisting you up against her chest like you weighed nothing.

"Goddamnit Feixiao!" you yelped, your feet kicking uselessly in the air.

"Nonsense! I've caught my prey!" She laughed, and the vibration rumbled straight through you, shaking your ribs.

And then she squeezed, just a little, pulling you into a crushing, one-armed hug.

It was too much.

Your face was pressed into the junction of her neck and shoulder. Your nose was buried in sweat-soaked skin and a cloud of that impossibly heavy musk. It was in your mouth, in your head, dizzying you. You could feel the infernal heat of her, her skin so slick and hot it was like being pressed against a boiler.

Your Foxian ears twitched, pressed flat against her collarbone, and you could hear everything—the thunderous, steady thump-thump of her heart, the rush of blood in her veins, the deep, ragged pants of her breath right in your ear.

She was so big, so solid. Her bicep, holding you pinned, was probably similar in thickness to your thigh. You squirmed, but it was like trying to escape a hydraulic press.

"Seriously, Feixiao! I can't breathe!" you gasped, your voice muffled against her.

"Oh!" Instantly, the pressure was gone. She didn't just put you down; she dropped you.

You landed on the mat with a surprised oof, sprawling onto your hands and knees. You coughed, shaking your head, trying to clear your senses. The air still tasted of her.

"Sorry, sorry!" Her voice was booming from above you. "Sometimes I forget you're... you know."

You looked up, glaring. "I'm what, huh?"

"Ha! No! Just uh… compact." She grinned, offering a hand so large it could have easily palm-gripped your entire head. Sweat dripped from her chin and landed on the mat with a splat next to your knee. She was barely winded, just flushed and happy. "That was a good try! You almost had my back. Almost."

You slapped her hand away and pushed yourself up, your knees shaking just a little from the sensory overload. "One more round," you huffed, settling back into a stance. "And this time... try to take it seriously."

Feixiao's grin widened, her fangs showing. "Oh, please," she said, cracking her knuckles with a sound like boulders grinding together. "If I took this seriously, we wouldn't be 'sparring.' We'd be 'seeing how fast I can scrape you off the wall.'"

She took up her hands in one of her various boxing stances. "Your move."

You didn't give her the chance to settle.

You lunged, as fast as you could. You were built for speed and reflexes, and you used them. You slammed a solid kick into the side of her left thigh, right on the garter, a spot that would have crippled a normal person.

"Ooh! Ouch!" Feixiao yelped, though she didn't so much as wobble.

You didn't let up. You flowed straight from the kick into a spinning backfist, aiming for her head. She ducked, laughing, and you pivoted, driving the heel of your other foot into her ribs.

It was a solid hit. You felt the impact rattle up your leg. It was also like trying to kick in the ship's hull.

"Nice one!" she grunted, her grin unwavering. She was still just reacting, letting you set the pace, which was, frankly, infuriating.

"Fight back!" you yelled, darting in again. You feinted a jab to her face, and as her big hand came up to parry, you dropped and drove a hard, two-knuckle strike right into her solar plexus, just below the ornament on her collar.

You put everything into it. It was a perfect, textbook strike.

Feixiao just... coughed. A single, sharp huff of air that blew your hair back, carrying that potent wave of her musk.

"Okay," she wheezed, her eyes sparkling with manic glee. "My turn."

You tried to leap back, to regain the distance you needed to survive, but you were too close. You had overextended, greedy for a solid hit.

She didn't punch. She didn't kick. She just grabbed.

Her left hand shot out and clamped down on your attacking wrist. Her right hand snagged your bicep. It was over in a microsecond. She yanked you forward, pulling you off balance and straight into her range.

This was a death sentence.

You knew, instantly, that striking was useless. This was a grappling

match now, and you were a rowboat trying to wrestle a tidal wave. You immediately dropped your center of gravity, trying to get under her, to use her own weight against her, maybe for a hip toss. You drove your shoulder into her gut—it was like hitting packed sand—and tried to hook your leg around her ankle.

"Oop! Not gonna work, Foxy!" she laughed, right over top of you.

Her sheer, unadulterated strength was a terrifying thing to be this close to. She wasn't even using technique; she was just... overpowering you. She stuffed your attempt at a leg trip by simply planting her foot, making her leg an immovable-object. She broke your grip on her by just... straightening her arm.

The two of you, slick with sweat, scrambled on the mat. You were a whirlwind of desperate technique, trying to find a joint lock, an escape, anything. She was a laughing mountain, blocking your every move with casual, overwhelming force. You managed to slip free of her grip and tried to scramble for her back, and that's when she caught you.

You were halfway around when that massive arm looped around your head.

"Gotcha!" she yelled, dropping to the mat and rolling, pulling you with her.

You landed on top of her for a split second before she used her momentum to roll you under, cinching the headlock in.

And just like that, you were trapped.

You were on your side, your body flush against her massive torso, and her bicep was clamped around your neck like a handcuff. Your head was pinned, your vision filled with nothing but the dark, sweat-soaked fabric of her turtleneck, right where it disappeared into her shoulder.

Your face was jammed. Jammed. Directly into the hot, slick, suffocating hollow of her armpit.

"Wh-what's wrong?" she panted, her voice a deep, joyous rumble that you felt as much as heard. "Cat got your tongue?"

She was laughing, completely oblivious. She was just holding the spar, waiting for you to tap out.

But you couldn't think.

Your Foxian senses, already on high alert, were screaming. The scent. It wasn't just the general musk in the room. This was the source. This was pure, concentrated, unadulterated Borisin sweat. It was salt and heat and a deep, pheromonal musk that bypassed your brain entirely.

It was appalling. It was intoxicating.

You struggled, your hands flying up to grip her forearm, trying to peel it away. "F-Feixiao! Let... g-go!" you choked out, your voice muffled.

"Not 'til you tap!" she singsonged, squeezing just a little tighter.

Your struggle was useless. Her arm was locked all the way around, and every muscle in it was engaged, slick with sweat. You writhed, your body moving against hers on the mat, and the friction just seemed to worsen it, grinding your nose deeper into that spot.

The scent was a drug. It was filling your lungs, coating your throat, making your head spin. You couldn't get any clean air. You were supposed to be trying to get away from it, to find oxygen, but your higher brain functions were being hijacked by something far more primitive.

Your struggling was weakening, not just from the hold, but from the overload. Your lungs burned, but it was a strange, warm burn. Your body, betraying you completely, suddenly wanted it.

You were still pushing against her arm, but the motion had lost its panic. It was a desperate, almost rhythmic press. Your eyes squeezed shut, and without your permission, your nostrils flared.

You weren't just breathing; you were inhaling.

A deep, desperate, unintentional sniff.

The potent musk flooded your senses, and a dizzy, electric warmth shot straight down your spine, making your knees feel weak, even though you were on the ground. You whimpered, a tiny, helpless sound, and did it again, your nose twitching, pushing just a little deeper into the hot, wet fabric, chasing the source.

"Whoa, hey," Feixiao's voice rumbled, a little confused now. "You... you okay down there? You're not even fighting right anymore. You giving up?"

Your hands, slick with your own sweat, were losing purchase on her massive forearm. You were trying to pull, to create a gap for air, but your body was short-circuiting. The panic was fading, replaced by a thick, heavy, dizzying fog.

The scent was everywhere. It was a living thing, a cloud of pure feral delight that you were drowning in. And aeons, you weren't just drowning.

Your nose, pressed hard against the damp, hot fabric, twitched. You unconsciously tilted your head, just a fraction of an inch, pushing your face deeper into the hollow of her arm. It wasn't a nuzzle, not really. It was a desperate, animal instinct, the way a starving creature would burrow for sustenance.

You huffed. A short, sharp, involuntary inhale.

The wave of concentrated musk that hit the back of your throat was so potent it made your toes curl. It was foul. It was heavenly. Your vision started to grey at the edges.

Your grip on her bicep went completely slack. Your hands didn't drop; they just... rested against her skin, your fingers limp. The arm that was merely holding you was now, without your resistance, actively choking you. The hard-packed muscle pressed deep into the side of your neck, cutting off the blood flow, pinching the airway.

But you were too far gone to care. You were huffing now, tiny, desperate gasps against her skin, each one dragging in more of the scent, less of the air. You were getting light-headed, a warm, liquid feeling spreading through your limbs, pooling hot and heavy between your legs. Your half-hearted, token struggles had become nothing more than a slow, weak writhe against her body.

Suddenly, the pressure was gone.

Feixiao's arm uncoiled, and the world—and the smell—rushed away.

You spilled onto the mat like a puppet with its strings cut, landing bonelessly on your back. You gasped, dragging in a huge, shuddering breath of the training room's "clean" air. It still tasted of her, but it was thin, unsatisfying.

"Aeons!" Feixiao's voice, booming and laced with sudden concern, rattled your ears. "Did you pass out? I wasn't even squeezing that hard!"

You couldn't answer. You were panting, your chest heaving. Your entire face was a burning, furious crimson. Your Foxian ears were flattened back against your skull, not in anger, but in sheer overload. You blinked, trying to make the room stop spinning.

A huge shadow fell over you. Feixiao was leaning over you, braced on one hand, her face uncharacteristically serious. "Hey. You with me? I'm sorry, did I actually...?"

She trailed off. Her eyes, sharp as ever, scanned you. She saw the bright-red flush that went all the way down your neck. She saw the way you were panting, your lips parted. She saw the tiny, incriminating string of saliva that had beaded at the corner of your mouth.

You instinctively tried to wipe it away, but your hand felt like lead. As you lay there, dizzy and humiliated, an involuntary, leftover reflex made you shift. You squeezed your thighs together, a tight, desperate press, trying to anchor yourself.

Her eyes followed the movement.

Then, as she leaned in, still concerned, a fresh waft of her potent, sweaty aroma drifted down from her.

Your nose twitched.

Your head, all on its own, tilted toward the scent, like a flower seeking the sun.

You caught yourself, your eyes widening in horror at what your body had just betrayed. But it was too late.

Feixiao, who had been on the verge of hauling you to the medbay, froze. Her concerned expression melted. It was slow, at first—a quirk of her eyebrow, a twitch of her fanged lip—and then it bloomed into a stupid laugh in disbelief that used her whole chest.

"Oh," she spat, her voice a deep, amused baritone. "Oh, I get it… heh." She sat back on her haunches, a massive, knowing, cocky grin splitting her face.

"Well, well, Foxy," she drawled, her tone dripping with teasing triumph. "I see what's really going on. You weren't fighting the hold, were you?"

Mortification hit you like a physical blow. "Shut up!" you snarled, your voice cracking. You scrambled to sit up, your whole body shaking with a mix of adrenaline and humiliation. "I... you... you stink! I couldn't breathe! It's disgusting!"

"Disgusting, huh?" Feixiao laughed, a full-throated, boisterous roar. She didn't look convinced. She looked like she'd just won the entire war. "You looked like you were trying to drink it! Don't lie, I saw you! Like a little kit trying to find a teat!"

"I WAS NOT!" you shrieked, finally finding your feet. You were unsteady, but you were furious. "You're just a stupid giant... sweaty... dog! Let's go again! And this time, no... no headlocks!"

"No headlocks?" Feixiao rose to her full, terrifying height, looming over you. That stupid fucking smile was still plastered firmly on her face. "But that's your favorite part."

"Go to hell!"

"Oh, I'll go," she said, taking a deliberate, stalking step toward you. "But I'm taking you with me."

You didn't even have time to brace. You threw a wild, sloppy punch, which she caught easily in one of her huge hands. She yanked you forward, and before you could even yelp, her other arm was around your waist, and she lifted you clean off the mat yet again.

"No! Stop it!" you screamed, kicking your feet uselessly.

"In a second!" she roared, her voice giddy. She held you tight against her sweaty chest for a beat, your face pressed into her shoulder, giving you just a taste of it. Then, with an expert twist, she dropped, pulling you to the mat.

It wasn't a spar. It was a bullying.

She didn't give you a chance to scramble, to fight. She simply used her immense weight and strength to pin you, rolling you onto your front, and then, with you trapped beneath her, she looped her arm around your head again.

This time, it was deliberate. This time, it was malicious.

This time, she didn't just hold you. She shoved your face into her armpit, her other hand clamping over the back of your head to keep

you there. She ground your nose into the soaking-wet, musky fabric.

"There you go, you little hothead!" she laughed, her voice booming right against your flattened ear. "Get a good, deep breath!"

It was brutal.

There was no preamble, no technique. Just pure, overwhelming, bullying strength. You were on the mat, trapped beneath her, and your face was buried.

She hadn't just secured a headlock; she had entombed you. Her massive, sweat-slick bicep was a bar across your neck, her forearm a vise over the back of your head, holding you in place. You were face-deep in the hot, soaking-wet hollow of her armpit.

"What's the matter, eh?" her voice was a deep, joyous, vibrating rumble against your ear. "You went so quiet! I thought you wanted to fight?"

You couldn't answer. You couldn't breathe.

The scent... fuck, it was unimaginable. It was a suffocating, disgusting, filthy cloud of pure, unfiltered musk. It was so potent it was a taste. It filled your mouth, your sinuses, your brain.

And the choke.

The huge curve of her bicep wasn't just on your neck; it was squeezing. It wasn't just cutting off air; it was cutting off blood. A dizzy, sparkling, delicious fuzz was already blooming behind your eyes. The lack of oxygen made the world feel distant, your limbs heavy and warm, your thoughts weightless.

You struggled, your hands flying up to claw uselessly at her arm. You kicked your legs against the mat.

"Awww, look at you!" she roared, and you could feel the muscles in her arm flex as she laughed. "Kicking your little legs! It's so cute! At least do it like you mean it!”

She knew. She knew. You have to—

Your "struggle" was a pathetic, half-hearted sham. The kicks were weak, your hands weren't pulling so much as clutching. Because this... this was dangerously good. The pressure on your neck, the light-

headed floatiness, the sheer, crushing power of her, all of it, was wrapped in that intoxicating, overpowering stink.

You were getting off. You were getting off hard.

"That's it," she purred, her voice turning low and conspiratorial, mean. "Breathe it in. Don't be shy. You wanted it, didn't you?"

That name. It sent a jolt, hot and sharp, straight between your legs. A muffled, desperate whimper escaped your throat, swallowed by her skin. Your "struggle" was just a writhe now. You couldn't help it. You were rubbing your thighs together, clamped tight, the friction building against the fabric of your own pants. You weren't fighting to get out; you were grinding against the mat, chasing a release.

"Hey," she crooned, her voice thick with smug, victorious amusement. She saw everything. "That’s filthy, you know? You like this? You like me holding you down? Like me making you breathe me in?"

She gave her arm a deliberate, vicious squeeze.

The pressure was immense. The world went from fuzzy to a field of white, popping starbursts. Your lungs burned, but it was a distant, pleasurable ache. The scent, the choke, the humiliation, the sheer dominance of it... it all crested at once.

Your hands, which had been grabbing her arm, clenched into tight, white-knuckled fists. Your body went rigid. A desperate, muffled moan was crushed against her body. You arched your back as much as you could, your thighs spasming together in a final, frantic rhythm.

A violent, full-body shudder ripped through you. A hot, undeniable, soaking rush flooded your pants as your mind failed you. You went completely, bonelessly limp in her hold, a final, shuddering gasp huffing against her skin.

For a second, she held you, letting you feel the aftershocks ripple through your boneless limbs. Then, with a satisfied grunt, she uncoiled her arm and rolled off you.

You were left a panting, trembling, soaked mess on the mat, your face a blazing, mottled red, saliva on your chin.

The clean air of the room felt cold and wrong.

Feixiao loomed over you, propped up on one elbow, her chest

heaving. She was still grinning, her teal eyes bright with triumph.

"Well, damn," she said, her voice dripping with smugness. "You really did make a mess. I knew you were a degenerate, but not like that. Good performance."

You just whimpered, your Foxian ears flat, trying to curl into a ball of sheer, overwhelming humiliation.

"I... I..." you gasped, your voice a hoarse croak.

Feixiao chuckled, looking down at you with that shit eating grin. She reached down, not to help you up, but to tap two fingers lightly on your sweat-drenched forehead. "That was a good warm-up though."

She stood, stretching her massive frame, her back popping audibly.

"But if that's all then we can stop here, Foxy. I won't judge if you're too tired."

The words, the name, her... it was all too much. Fury and embarrassment and the lingering, electric pleasure warred in your gut. You scrambled to your feet, your knees still shaking, your pants hot and wet.

"I... I HATE YOU!" you shrieked, your voice cracking. "I wasn't... You... You cheated! That's not... fighting!"

Feixiao just arched an eyebrow. "Oh? Looked like you won something to me."

"I'M NOT DONE!" you yelled, wiping your mouth with the back of your hand. "Let's go! One more round! I'll... I'll show you!"

Feixiao's stupid grin returned again, wider this time, her fangs flashing.

"Oh, I know you're not done," she taunted, settling back into her stance. "I'm not done with you either."

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